

# THE RIDDLE OF THINGS THAT ARE.

We walk in a world where no man reads  
The riddle of things that are,—  
From a tiny fern in the valley's heart  
To the light of the largest star,—  
Yet we know that the pressure of life is  
And the silence of Death is deep,  
As we fall and rise on the tangled way  
That leads to the gate of Sleep

We know that the problems of Sin and  
Pain,  
And the passions that lead to crime,  
Are the mysteries locked from age to age  
In the awful vault of Time;—  
Yet we lift our weary feet and strive  
Through the mire and mist to grope  
And find a ledge on the mount of Faith  
In the morning land of Hope.  
—William H. Hayne, in Harper's Weekly.

## A Mother's Mistake.

In a darkened room, where the shutters were closely bowed and tied with broad black ribbons, a lady was unfolding and stroking with tender hands the contents of a small trunk. Not packed for a traveler's comfort, the trunk contained only the possessions of a babe a year old, who had "gone before" to the heavenly home. For six months the bereaved mother had made a weekly visit to the trunk, unfolding and refolding every baby garment, packing carefully the baby toys and stroking tenderly every tiny object endeared by the touch of the little one she had lost. Yet, on the day when the sixth month had rolled by, her tears fell upon the dainty embroideries, the worn socks, the broken toys as fast as on the day when she first put aside the clothes Baby Willie would never wear again. Her dress of heavy black, loaded with crape, suited well her pale, tear-stained face, heavy eyes and grief-drawn mouth.

While she was yet busy at her mournful task the door opened softly and two beautiful boys of four years old, her twin sons, Eddie and Charlie, came into the room. Seeing their mother busy, they softly stepped to her side and stood quiet until Eddie spied a tin horse and wagon on the floor. A moment later he had grasped it and was pulling it down from the summit of a pile of little garments. Down toppled the whole pile, the cart rattling noisily. The mother looked around with a quick frown.

"You naughty, heartless boy!" she cried, sobbing. "How can you touch your poor, dead brother's things? I think you are old enough to know poor Willie is gone, never to come back, and mamma is so sad—so—"

Here the boys choked her, and the children, terrified, began to cry, too. "Eddie sorry," one sobbed; "don't cry, mamma."

"Is Charlie bad boy, too?" asked the other, with a piteous wail in his voice, that should have gone straight to the mother's heart.

"Go to the nursery," she said, and the little ones trotted off, hand in hand, vaguely conscious that they were in disgrace and ready to be comforted by rosy-cheeked Nannie, their nurse.

"And, dear knows," said that warm-hearted individual to the cook, "it is a shame for the poor darlings. It's not blaming Mrs. Aiken I am for crying her eyes out for the beautiful boy she lost. Didn't I love every curl of his hair, the pretty pet. But look at the two that's left. Wouldn't they be a comfort to anybody, and Mrs. Aiken only speaks to them now to set them crying. Sure she can't expect babies like them to remember their brother more than six months, and if they were downright wicked she couldn't be harder than she is if they laugh or romp. She'll break their spirits entirely."

And the mother, rocking to and fro, with the picture of her dead boy clasped to her heart, was thinking: "Everybody is forgetting Willie but me. But I will never forget. I will never, never cease to mourn for my darling. Oh, Willie! Willie!"

Breaking in upon her sobs came a whistle, a merry whistle of a popular tune, and the door of the darkened room opened again noisily.

"Where are you, Susy? Oh!" Voice and face fell, and Mr. Aiken stood silently at the door, his eyes slowly gathering the mournful expression suited to the funeral aspect of the scene before him.

"I was hoping you had gone out when I did not find you in the sitting room," he said, "but Nannie told me you were upstairs. I wish you would not spend so much time in this room, Susy. It is wearing away your health."

"Oh, Fred," the mother sobbed, "how can you whistle! I don't expect sorrow or sympathy from the children, but you—I thought you loved Willie so dearly."

"So I did, Susy, but I made a most fortunate investment in business a few weeks ago, and today I was able to pay off the mortgage on the house. I did feel light-hearted when I thought I had secured a home for my family."

"Oh, Fred! how can you think of money and houses when our beautiful boy lies dead!"

The young husband stood shame-faced and penitent. In the shadow of the darkened room, with Willie's picture on the wall, Willie's clothes revealed by the open lid of the trunk, Willie's toys standing on the floor, it did seem cruel and heartless to think of anything but the lost child. And Fred had loved his baby boy with all a father's fondness and grieved for him deeply and truly. So he stood silently waiting while Susy dried her eyes and came to his side. Carefully

closing the door of the room where she kept the precious souvenirs of her boy, she followed her husband to the dining room. Everywhere the bowed shutters kept out God's sunlight, and the house was as dark and gloomy as if a corpse awaited burial there.

Awed by the father's grave face, the mother's look of woe, the children ate silently, gladly scrambling down and escaping to Nannie and the nursery when the dinner was over.

"Come, Susy," Fred said, "I can afford to take a few leisure hours today. I will get a carriage, and we will take the children out. A run on the seashore will do us all good, for the weather is getting hot."

"Oh! Fred, drive me to Greenwood. It is nearly a month since we were there."

"Well, as you wish," said Fred, pitying the pale face and really fearing that he was growing heartless. "We can take the children down to Bath afterward."

Nearly a month after the day described, which was a fair specimen of the days preceding it for six long months, a silver-haired old lady sat knitting in a cheerful sitting room. In a sleeping room beyond a lady lay upon the bed, resting after an exciting talk, weary with crying and half sleeping.

While the old lady plied her needles with her sweet, placid face clouded by some troubled thought, Fred Aiken came into the room.

"Oh!" he said, kissing her fondly, "you always look cheerful here, mother."

"I am glad you still love your old home, Fred," was the reply.

"Yes. Have you seen Susy today?"

"She was here this morning, and—"

"Has she told you I am going to accept Russell's offer and take the California branch of the business?"

"She said you thought of it. But, Fred, I hope you will think better of it. You are doing well here, and your first duty is to your own home."

"I have no home."

"Fred, you shock me!"

"There is a funeral vault up town where I live," was the reply, "but the home I had there is gone. I have been patient, mother, as you advised me. I have not said one harsh word to Susy. I respected her sorrow and tried to comfort her, but I tell you frankly that I shall become insane if I do not get away. It is useless for me to tell you that I loved my boy, my little Willie, as fondly as ever father loved a son. I grieved for him sincerely, but after my first shock of pain was over I thought of him safe in God's care, happy, released from all the sorrows of this life, and was comforted. God has left me my wife, my two noble boys and my own home, health and strength. It seemed to me monstrous and wicked to see no light or hope in life because a babe had returned to Heaven pure and spotless. But Susy would not see the loss in this light. It became her religion to mourn for her baby ceaselessly and hopelessly. She hugged her grief to her heart till the whole world was dark, and would hear no word of comfort."

"Have you told her what you have just told me of your own source of comfort?"

"Over and over again, but she only sobs more pitifully because I do not share her feelings. You advised me to be patient, to let time carry its healing to her. I have been patient, but I am losing my own powers of usefulness in the dreary atmosphere of my once pleasant home. My boys are growing pale and thin in the unnatural suppression of their baby spirits. Susy has actually persuaded them that it is a sin to romp, to make a noise or laugh, and I have seen Eddie put his finger on his lip and say to Charlie:

"Don't laugh! You forget baby bruzzer."

"Fred!"

"I assure you I do not exaggerate. The house is like a prison. Every room is kept darkened, and the whole atmosphere is heavy and actually chilly in this glorious summer weather. Susy nurses her sorrow till it is becoming a monomania."

"Cannot you coax her out?"

"She will go nowhere but to Greenwood, and the last time we were there she fainted on Willie's grave."

"She is not strong."

"Because she shuts herself up closely in the house, dark and gloomy as a vault, destroys her appetite and weakens her whole system. I cannot use any sternness, exercise any strong authority, for it seems like actual bru-

tality and want of feeling for her sorrow. But I must escape. I am becoming unfit for business, and—Mother, I have actually been tempted to join bachelor parties to get rid of the necessity of returning home to meet only darkness, tears and repining!"

"Oh, Fred, you frighten me!"

"I frighten myself! It is because I am losing my strength to resist such temptations that I am considering this California offer. Susy will then have no one to consider, and I will have at least air and light out of business hours. Mother, advise me! What can I do? If it is cowardly to run away, shirk my duties as husband and father, I will stay; but I tell you frankly I am afraid I shall be driven to neglect home, wife and children if I find nothing there but gloom and darkness."

There was a rustling noise in the sleeping room as Fred ceased speaking, and the door, which had stood ajar, was pushed open. Susy stood upon the threshold, her heavy black draperies still clinging around her, but her face lifted with a look upon it that went to Fred's heart. It was the expression of so much penitence, such heart-stricken remorse, that he held out both hands, to gather her closely in his arms. Then she spoke:

"Forgive me, Fred, and stay with me! I did not mean to be an eavesdropper, but I heard all you said, and I see how wickedly selfish I have been. You were so kind, so tender, that I did not realize what I was doing in my neglect of you and our boys. Do not go away, Fred!"

"Never, Susy, if you bid me stay."

"I do. Mother, you will help me to keep him."

"Not now! I must give my answer this morning. I am off now, but I will be home to dinner."

It was still daylight on the summer afternoon when Fred Aiken came home. Before he entered the house he drew a deep sigh of relief, seeing the shutters of every window opened and the light shaded only by inner curtains. In the sitting room Eddie and Charlie, long banished because they were noisy, were building block houses. Their dress showed plainly that Nannie had no longer sole control of their appearance, and on each little face was a serene happiness, as if some long-felt restraint was gone.

Susy, in a dress of black, thin goods, had put snowy ruffles at wrists and throat and, for the first time since her baby died, had arranged her hair fashionably and becomingly. Upon her face, still pale and thin, was a smile of welcome for Fred, and the kiss of greeting he gave her was cordially returned.

"Papa!" the boys shouted, "see us tumble down the tower mamma built."

And down came the rattling blocks, without any quick cry of restraint for their noise or the gleeful shouts of the little ones.

It is nearly seven years now since Baby Willie was laid to sleep in Greenwood. Two little girls are playmates for Eddie and Charlie in Mrs. Aiken's nursery, and another little grave marks a second bereavement. But the mother has learned well the lesson impressed upon her heart when the selfish sorrow so nearly blighted her home.

The little ones God has taken can never be forgotten. Tears still fall over their pictures, the silent souvenirs of their brief lives, but the duties to the living are never forgotten in sorrowing for the dead. What God has taken to His own care the mother has learned to resign submissively, thanking Him for the blessings spared, shutting out no sunlight He gives and treasuring gratefully the memories of brightness with the sorrow of the little lives ended.—New York News.

Disagreeable Flowers Made Fragrant.

Artificial flowers now imitate the natural ones so truthfully that they are much used in room decoration, and the practice has become much more widespread since manufacturers have succeeded in giving them a lasting perfume. But a still more remarkable fact, says a foreign paper, is that Dutch horticulturists have produced delicately fragrant varieties of flowers among those species which usually have a disagreeable odor. Thus sunflowers exchange their pungent smell for the scent of the rose, camellias are made to smell like violets, the faint perfume of primroses is intensified and the large cyclamens acquire the exquisite aroma of the Alpine violets. The process is still a secret, but it is said that horticultural science will soon be prepared to disclose it.—New York Tribune.

Consecrated to Food.

Food plays an important part in the world's history. A number of days are consecrated to some article of diet. Chief to the American is Thanksgiving, with its turkey and cranberry sauce; to the Englishman, Christmas and plum pudding; Christmas Eve and snap-dragons; barley, sugar and oranges on St. Valentine's eve; Shrove Tuesday and pan cakes; hot cross buns and Good Friday; salt cod fish on Ash Wednesday; goose on Michaelmas day; gooseberry tart on Whit-Sunday, and roasted nuts on All Hallow eve.

# A TRYING SITUATION.

A man may be a hero  
In most any walk of life;  
But certain situations  
Make him falter in the strife;  
And one that tries his mettle,  
Till warm beneath the collar,  
Is when he comes to parting  
With his last and only dollar!

He'll laugh at old misfortune  
When he hears the dollars clink,  
And be brave for any danger,  
When he knows he's got the "chink,"  
But he sings a different measure,  
When his hoard is growing smaller,  
And he finds he's come to parting  
With his last and only dollar!

You speak in praise of striving,  
And of conquering adverse fate,  
And prove how oft the humble  
Have been truly good and great;  
But philosophy is vanquished  
By both the poor and scholar,  
When it comes to final parting  
With the last and only dollar!

—Detroit Free Press.

# HUMOROUS.

Different kinds of punishment are good for unruly children, but as a general thing spanking takes the palm.

"What's Old Calamity howling about now?" "Because he can't get as much for wheat here as you are paying at the Klondike."

Wallace—I presume you are aware that money is a great carrier of bacteria? Hargreaves—Yes. That is why I burn it as fast as I get it.

"And why," said the young porker, "do you feel so sad whenever you see a hen?" "My son," replied the old hog, "I cannot help thinking of ham and eggs."

First Hen—What are those young bantams fighting about? Second Hen—Oh! they are disputing about the question, Which is the mother of the chick—the hen that lays the egg or the incubator?

Lounger—Do cook-books form an important item in your sales? Book-seller—Yes, we sell them by the thousand. "The women appreciate them, eh?" "Oh, the women don't buy them; their husbands do."

"Pat, you complain of being out of work, and yet I heard that coal dealer offer you a job to drive one of his carts, not ten minutes ago." "Yes, sir; but I'm blamed if I'll freeze myself to death to keep alive, begob!"

Maud (showing fashion plate)—Papa, that's the way I would look if I had a sealskin sacque. Maud's Father (showing advertising picture labeled "Before taking")—And that's the way I would look, dear, when the bill came in.

"Papa," said Sammy Snaggs, who was seeking for information, "how much is gold worth an ounce?" "I can't tell you what gold is worth an ounce here, but in the Klondike I understand that gold is worth its weight in doughnuts."

Mrs. Askem—It's the unluckiest store to shop in, dear. Mrs. Priceit—Why? Mrs. Askem—There isn't a thing you might ask for they haven't got, and everything they have is so lovely you're forced to buy without going further."

She beats the bars of her prison in her wrath. "Release me," she shrieked, "or I shall break out—if not in one way, then in another." The warden trembled. If she proved to be a poetess of passion, would he be responsible?

"You," said she, as she came down leisurely pulling on her gloves—"you used to say I was worth my weight in gold." "Well, what if I did?" he asked, looking at his watch. "And now you don't think I am worth a wait of two minutes."

"You enjoy coaching, do you? I never could see where the fun comes in. One looks so like a blamed fool, sitting up on a three-story coach and cavorting over the highway tooting of a horn." "I know it, but it isn't every blamed fool that can afford it."

Johnnie—Papa, is mamma the better half of you? Father—Yes, my son, that's the way they put it. Johnnie—And are all wives the better part of their husbands? Father—Certainly, my son. Johnnie—Then, what part of King Solomon were his wives?

# Feeding Army Elephants.

Elephants in the Indian army are fed twice a day. When meal time arrives, they are drawn up in line before a row of piles of food. Each animal's breakfast includes ten pounds of raw rice, done up in five-two-pound packages. The rice is wrapped in leaves and then tied with grass. At the command, "Attention!" each elephant raises its trunk and a package is thrown into its capacious mouth. By this method of feeding, not a single grain of rice is wasted.

# Five Years in Search of a Cow.

Five years ago young Barkley Geary, son of a farmer living near Westmoreland, was sent to bring up the family cow. Nothing was seen or heard of him until one night recently, when he drove the cow up to the barn, entered the house, hung up his cap on its accustomed peg, and told his father that he would milk after supper. He refuses to tell where he spent the five years, beyond declaring that he was out hunting the cow.—Kansas City Star.

# REGAINED HEALTH.

Gratifying Letters to Mrs. Pinkham From Happy Women.

# "I Owe You My Life."

Mrs. E. WOOLHISER, Mills, Neb., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I owe my life to your Vegetable Compound. The doctors said I had consumption and nothing could be done for me. My menstruation had stopped and they said my blood was turning to water. I had several doctors. They all said I could not live. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it helped me right away; menses returned and I have gained in weight. I have better health than I have had for years. It is wonderful what your Compound has done for me."

# "I Feel Like a New Person."

Mrs. GEO. LEACH, 1609 Belle St., Alton, Ill., writes:

"Before I began to take your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer from womb trouble. Menses would appear two and three times in a month, causing me to be so weak I could not stand. I could neither sleep nor eat, and looked so badly my friends hardly knew me."

"I took doctor's medicine but did not derive much benefit from it. My druggist gave me one of your little books, and after reading it I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I feel like a new person. I would not give your Compound for all the doctors' medicine in the world. I can not praise it enough."

## LOVELL DIAMONDS STAND THE TEST. Board of Experts So Decide.

Remarkable Investigation From Which the Lovell Diamond Bicycle Came Out Ahead of All Competitors.

Where there are so many makes of bicycles on the market, all of which at first sight seem to be on an equal footing to the casual observer, and still the fact is well known that there is no article in common use where it is so easy for the manufacturer to cover up the imperfections as in the bicycle, both in material and workmanship, and which cannot be detected until the machine has been given a test on the road, such an investigation as has just been completed by the best experts in the country, under the supervision of the Western Review of Commerce, is likely to be of great value to the riding public. The honor of producing the best wheel among the thirty-seven well-known makes that were tested fell to the old established house of John P. Lovell Arms Co., of Boston, Mass., manufacturers of the celebrated Lovell Diamond. The investigation was made in a thorough manner by competent experts in the construction of wheels, and before them were placed thirty-seven of the



COLONEL BENJAMIN S. LOVELL, President of the John P. Lovell Arms Co.

leading makes. The machines were all marvels of the most recent ideas of mechanical construction, and were brought together without the slightest intimation or knowledge to the manufacturers that such a test was to take place. The practical experts composing the investigating board gradually weeded the machines down to a small number, and, after several days of careful testing of the relative merits of the machines, they were unanimous in their verdict that the Lovell Diamond was undoubtedly the best wheel made and so reported to the paper. The president of which immediately wrote the J. P. Lovell Arms company informing the latter of the investigation made and the decision reached, and this was the first intimation that the Lovell company had of the matter. The statement that the Lovell Diamond is the best bicycle built is based upon the fact that every part of the machine is made at their own factory. Previous to and including 1896 the machine bearing the name of the Lovell Diamond was manufactured for the John P. Lovell Arms Co. by outside parties, but beginning with the season of 1897, every part of every machine bearing their name plate has been constructed at the factory of the John P. Lovell Arms Co. at South Portland, Maine. This fact easily accounts for the proven supremacy of the "Lovell Diamond" over all other leading makes of the world. The Lovell Arms Company have three stores in Boston, Washington Street, Broad Street and Massachusetts Avenue, and branch stores in Worcester, Mass., Providence, R. I., Pawtucket, B. L., Portland and Bangor, Me., besides having agents in nearly every city and town throughout the country. Their new catalogue, "Famous Diamonds of the World," free on application.